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MOTHER GOOSE'S STORY BOOK

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MOTHER GOOSE'S STORY BOOK

McLOUGHLIN BRO'S
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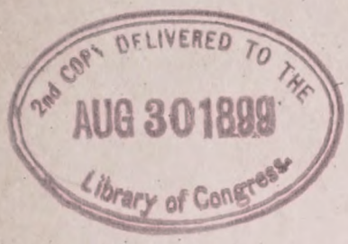

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LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little
toes!
Her mother came and
caught her,
And whipped her
little daughter,
For spoiling her nice
new clothes.

SOLOMON
GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on
Tuesday,
Married on
Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,—
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

SEE, SEE! What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
That sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
Yet this tiresome old woman could never be quiet.

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that
was the wall;
The windows were made
of black puddings
and white,
And slated with pan-
cakes,—you ne'er
saw the like.

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin,
To wrap the baby bunting in.

BAT, BAT, come
under my hat,
And I'll give
you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake, I'll give
you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window,
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew!

THERE was a Piper had a cow,
And he had naught to give her;
He pulled out his pipes and played her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the Piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they'll come home
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep
Fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating,
But when she awoke
She found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day,
As Bo-Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied
Their tails, side by side,
All hung on a line to dry.

Then she heaved a sigh,
And wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced,
And tried what she could,
As a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly
placed

COME, butter, come,
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a buttered cake;
Come, butter, come!

UP hill and down dale;
Butter is made in every vale.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
Three men in a tub,
And who, do you think, they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

I HAD a little hobby horse,
And it was a dapple gray,
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy.
A penny white loaf,
And a penny white cake
And a two-penny apple pie.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the
weather,
I chanced to meet an
old man, clothed
all in leather.
He began to com-
pliment, and I
began to grin,
How do you do,
and how do
you do?
And how do
you do again?

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a
snail;
The best man amongst them durst not
touch her tail;
She put out her horns, like a little Keyloe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now!

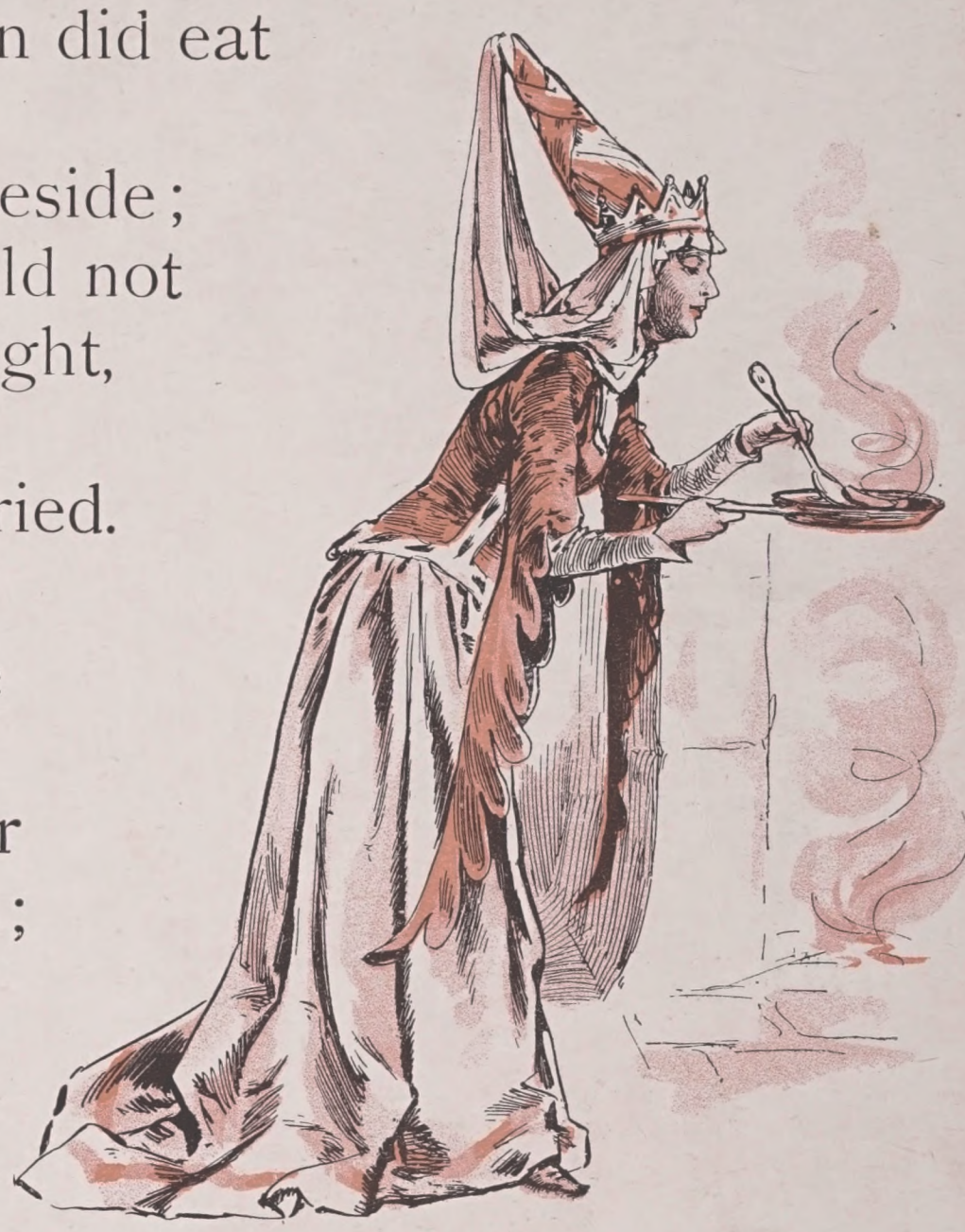
DING, dong, bell! Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor Pussy Cat,
Who never did any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me."

WHEN good King Arthur ruled his land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding, the king did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat
thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not
eat that night,
The queen next
morning fried.



THE lion and the
unicorn
Were fighting for
the crown;
The lion beat the
unicorn
All round about
the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

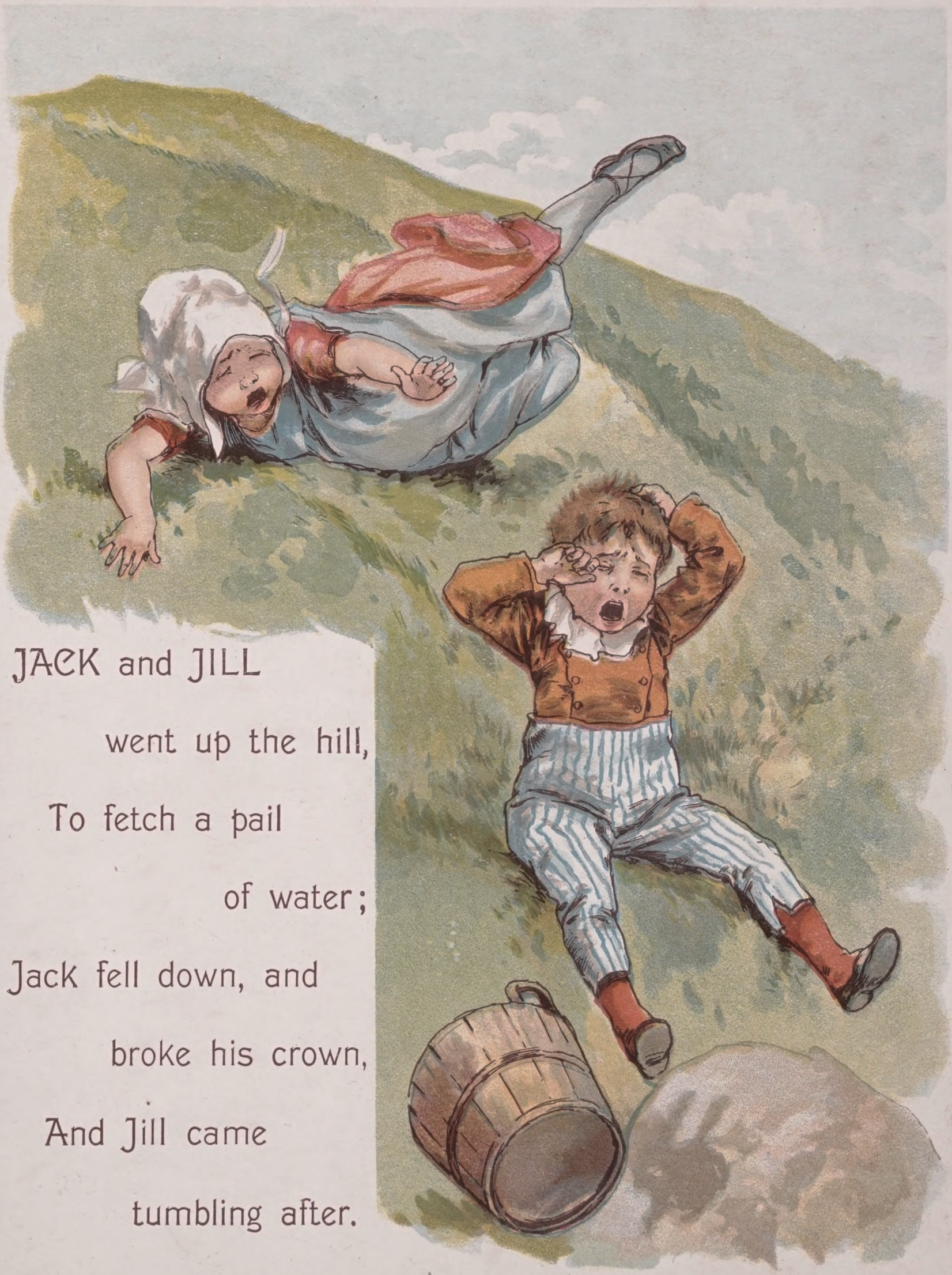
AS I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,

His wife could eat no lean,

And so, between them both, you see,

They licked the platter clean



JACK and JILL

went up the hill,

To fetch a pail

of water;

Jack fell down, and

broke his crown,

And Jill came

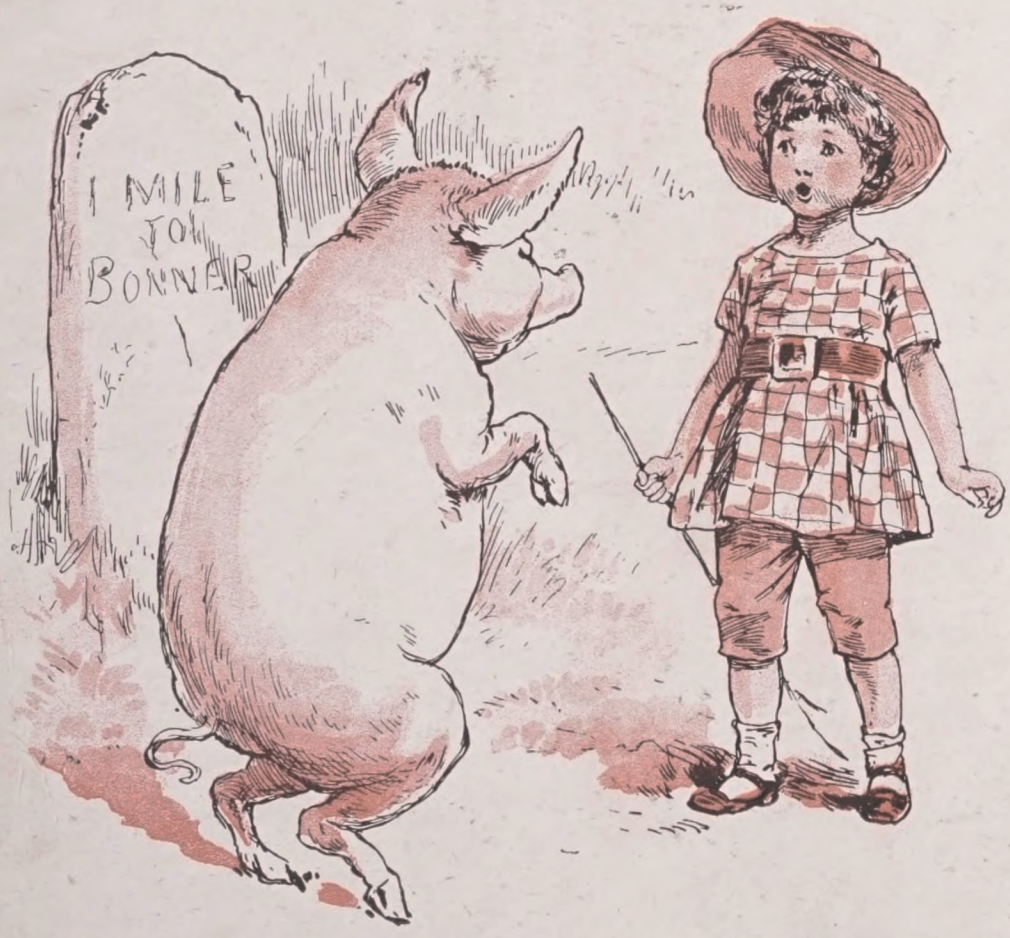
tumbling after.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

BLACK we are, but much admired;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(COALS.)

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in:
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you
will snap our
heads off!"



UPON my word
and honor,
As I went up to
Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word
and honor.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY
sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty
had a great fall;
All the king's horses,
and all the
king's men
Cannot put Humpty-
Dumpty
together
again.

(AN EGG.)

WE are all in the
dumps,
For diamonds are
trumps;
The kittens have gone to
St. Pauls;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

DINGTY DIDDLEDY, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid:
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin
do then?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head
under his wing,
Poor thing!

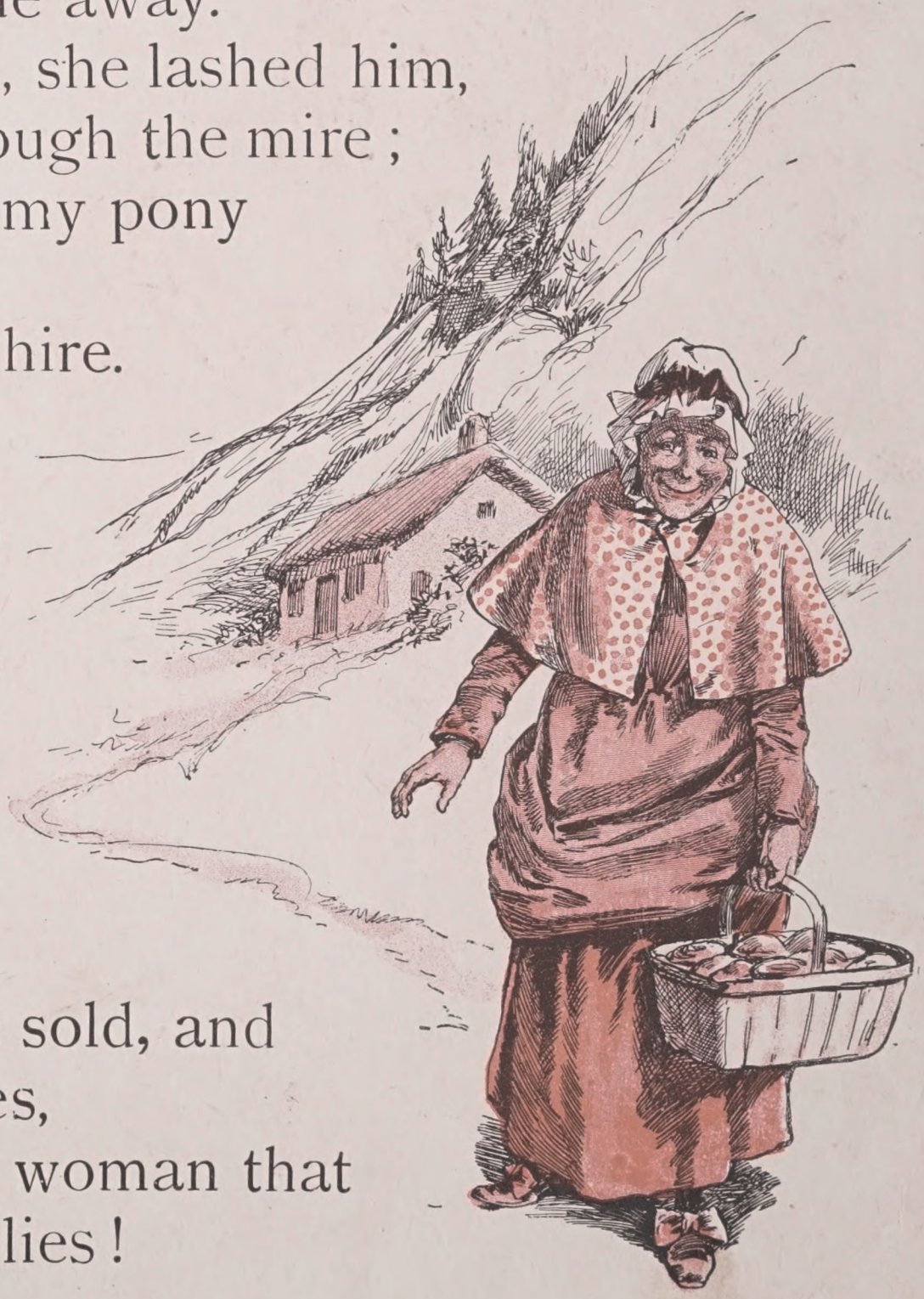
ONE, TWO, THREE,
How good you be;
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

DIDDLEDY, diddledy, dumpty;
The cat ran up the plum-tree.
I'll lay you a crown
I'll fetch you down;
So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

A-MILKING, a-milking, my maid,
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;
"And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away."

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman; mother's a queen;
Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

I HAD a little pony;
His name was Dapple-gray:
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony
now
For all the lady's hire.



THERE was an
old woman
lived under
the hill,
And if she's not
gone, she lives
there still.
Baked apples she sold, and
cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that
never told lies!

POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON.

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They've all gone away.

I HAD a little dog, his name was Buff,
I sent him to the shop for an ounce of snuff;
But he lost the bag,
and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff,
and that's enough!

PETER, PETER,
Pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't
keep her;
He put her in a
pumpkin shell,
And there he kept
her very well.

HERE'S sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the
wall till she
comes to.

LAZY TOM with
jacket blue,
Stole his father's
gouty shoe;
The worst of harm
that we can wish him,
Is that the gouty shoe
may fit him.

A LITTLE pig found a fifty-dollar note,
And purchased a hat, and a very fine coat,
With trousers, and stockings, and shoes,
Cravat, and shirt-collar, and gold-head cane.
Then, proud as could be, he marched up the lane:
Said he, "I shall hear all the news!"

SEE-SAW, sacradown, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.

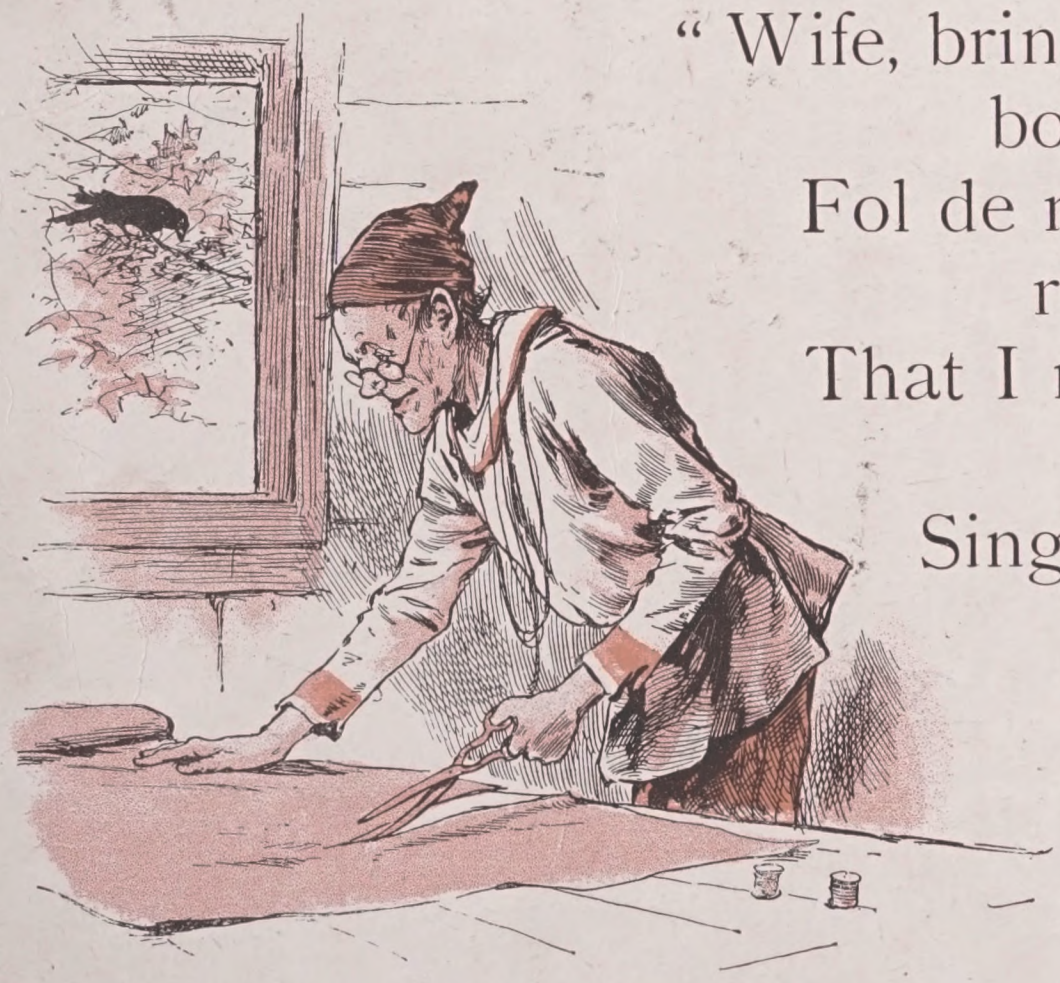
LITTLE BOY BLUE come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
"Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?"
"He's under the hay-cock fast asleep."
"Will you wake him?" "No, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry!"

BARBER, Barber, shave a pig;
How many hairs will make a wig?

"Four and twenty, that's enough!"
Give the poor Barber a pinch of snuff.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat of an old Nanny Goat;
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat;
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.



"Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding, do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot,
and he
missed
his mark,
Fol de riddle,
lol de riddle,
he ding do,
And shot the
miller's sow
right through
the heart;
Sing he, sing ho,
the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de
riddle, he ding do.

"Wife! O wife! bring brandy in
a spoon,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
For the old miller's sow is in a swoon."
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

(A WELL.)

"To bed, to bed," says Sleepy Head;
"Let's stay awhile," says Slow,
"Let's stay awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pot," says Greedy-Gut,
"We'll sup before we go,
We'll sup before we go."

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, to get her poor dog a bone."

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone:
When she came there, the cupboard was bare;
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
She thought he was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The dog was a-laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the grocer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tavern
For wine, white and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back,
He was riding the goat.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went for a key
That would fit in the lock,
And when she came back
He was winding the clock.

She went out again
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
She found the dog spinning.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to
the hosier's
To buy him
some hose,
And when she
came back,
He was dressed
in
his clothes.

The dame made a
curtsy,
The dog made
a bow;

The dame said
"Your servant,"
The dog said,
"Bow, wow!"

"OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?"

"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick of hearing."

"Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?"

"Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly!"

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in—
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none;
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

(A STAR.)

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble:"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will
marry me:
If twenty won't, forty shall—
I am my mother's bouncing girl!

TWELVE pairs hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by—
Each took a pear,
And yet left twelve there.

MISS JANE had a bag,
and a mouse was in it;
She opened the bag, he
was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump
and run under
the table,
And the dog said,
"Catch him, puss, soon
as you're able.

HARK! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt:
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

MY story's ended,
My spoon is bended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door
And get it mended.

THE cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you be well,
'Tis time to rise.

HICKETY, pickety,
my black hen,
She lays good
eggs for
gentlemen;
Gentlemen come
every day
To see what my
black hen
doth lay.

HUSH, baby, my doll,
I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread
And some milk by and bye:
Or, perhaps, you like custard,
Or, maybe, a tart;
Then to either you're welcome,
With all my heart.

WOOLEY FOSTER has
gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his
knee;
When he comes back, he'll
marry me—
Bonny Wooley Foster!

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow;
Open the gates and let her through—
Wooley Foster's ain cow!

Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben;
She lays eggs for gentlemen—
But none for Wooley Foster!

CURLY LOCKS! CURLY LOCKS! WILT THOU BE MINE,
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed
the swine;
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

MOLLIE, my sister, and I fell out
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head, and no eyes.
(A PAIR OF TONGS.)

THREE blind mice, see
how they run!
They all ran after the
farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails
with the
carving-knife.
Did you ever see
such fools
in your life?
Three blind mice!

THREE wise men
of Gotham
Went to sea in a
bowl;
If the bowl had
been stronger,
My song had been
longer.

AS I was going to
sell my eggs,
I met a man with
bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes;
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw:
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a Pie.

When the Pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a King.

The King was
In his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The Queen was in
the parlor,
Eating bread
and honey;

The Maid was
in the garden,
Hanging out
the clothes;

Down came
a blackbird,
And pecked
off her
Nose!

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch the drake, drake, drake.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
Till, much to his bliss,
His physician said this,
"To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go."

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white
as snow;
And everywhere that
Mary went,
The lamb was sure
to go.

He followed her to
school one day
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them, he made
them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them
back again.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle-stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

THERE was a man
in our town,
And he was won-
drous wise;
He jumped into a
bramble bush,
And scratched
out both
his eyes.

And when he saw
his eyes were out,
With all his might and
main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

IF a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

SNAIL, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, put out your head,
Or else I'll beat you till you're dead.

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

(THE MAN HAD ONE EYE, AND THE TREE TWO APPLES UPON IT.)

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall,
And put him by the wall,
And that's all.

"ROBERT BARNES,
fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse
of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that
I can,
As well as any
other man:
Here a nail, and
there a prod,
And now, good sir,
your horse
is shod."

"TO make your candles last forever,
You wives and maids give ear-o!
To put them out's the only way,"
Says honest JOHN BOLDERO

I WENT to the wood and got it;

I sat me down and looked at it;

The more I looked at it the less I liked it,

And I brought it home because I couldn't help it.

(A THORN.)

SATURDAY night shall be my whole care,
To powder my locks and curl my hair,
On Sunday morning my love will come in
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

(A CINDER-SIFTER.)

PEASE porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy
was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and
stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy
wasn't home;
Taffy came to my house and
stole a marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy
was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone and
beat about his head.

LADY BUG, lady bug, fly
away home;
Your house is on fire, your
children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the frying-pan.

LITTLE Tommy Grace had a pain in his face,
So bad he could not learn a letter;
When in came Dicky Long, singing such a funny
song,
That Tommy laughed, and found his face much
better.

RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride—till he can ride no more.

[A play with the face. The child exelaims.]

RING the bell! - - *giving a lock of its hair a pull.*
Knock at the door! - *tapping its forehead.*
Draw the latch! - - *pulling up its nose.*
And walk in! - - - *opening its mouth and putting in its finger.*

[Say quickly.]

IN fir tar is.
In oak none is.
In mud eel is.
In clay none is.
Goat eat ivy.
Mare eat oats.

AWAY, birds, away!
Take a little, and
leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And then there will be
an end of you!

BOW, WOW, WOW!
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's
dog,
Bow, wow, wow!

BYE, BABY
Bumpkin!
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her
death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin!

I HAD a little doggy,
That used to sit and beg,
But doggy tumbled down the stairs
And broke his little leg.
Oh! doggy I will nurse you,
And try to make you well,
And you shall have a collar
With a pretty little bell.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER sings for his supper;
What shall he eat? White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it without any knife?
How shall he be married without any wife?

LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER.
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb,
And took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

RIDE a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse:
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes!

GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander,
where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs, and
in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old
man that would
not say his
prayers;
I took him by the
left leg, and
threw him
down stairs!

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To ask the way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold
pease porridge.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
sat upon a tree;
Up went the Pussy Cat,
and down went he;
Down came Pussy
Cat, away Robin
ran,—
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can!"

Little Robin Redbreast jumped
upon a wall;
Pussy Cat jumped after him, and got a little fall.
Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, "Mew, mew, mew!" and Robin
flew away.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble begins.

TOM he was a Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away.

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and the boys;
And they stopped to hear him play.
"Over the hills and far away.'

Tom on his pipe could play with such skill,
That no one who heard him could ever keep still;
Whenever they heard him they began to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs;
He used his pipe, and the Dame used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke;
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass,
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a silver sixpence.

"What shall I do with this little sixpence?" said the old woman, "I will go to market, and buy a pig."

So she went to market, and bought a nice little pig. As she was coming home, she came to a stile, but piggy was obstinate, and would not go over the stile.

The old woman looked around and saw a little dog. So she said to the dog, "Dog, dog, bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said, "Stick, stick, beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she

met a fire. So she said, "Fire, fire, burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said, "Water, water, quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox, ox, drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher, butcher, kill ox; ox won't

drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope, rope, hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't

THE OLD WOMAN FINDS A SILVER SIXPENCE.

THE OLD WOMAN ASKS THE DOG TO BITE THE PIG.

quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat, rat, gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat, cat, kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't get over the stile; and I shan't get home to-night."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

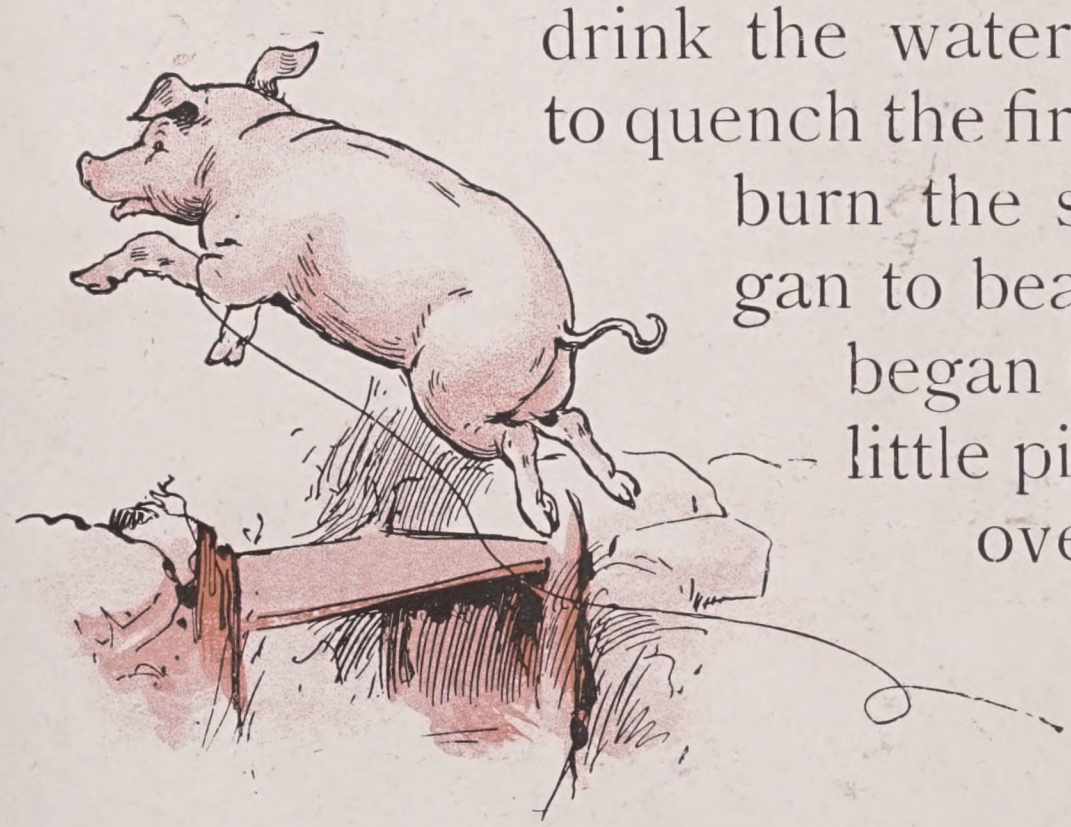
So away went the old woman to the cow. But

the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haystack, and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk."

So away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk, and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.



O THAT I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

A WAS AN APPLE PIE;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D danced for it;
E eat it;
F fought for it
G guarded it;
H hid it;
J jumped for it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N needed it;
O offered it;
P peeped at it;
Q quartered it:
R ran for it;
S skipped for it;
T tasted it;
U upset it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and &,
All wished for a piece in hand.

CLAP HANDS!
Clap hands!
Till Papa
comes home;
For Papa has money,
But Mamma
has none.

THERE was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.

PUSSY Cat Mole,
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

I HAD a little hen, the prettiest ever seen;
She washed up the dishes, and kept the house clean;
She went to the mill, to fetch me some flour;
She brought it home in less than an hour;
She baked me my bread; she brewed me my ale;
She sat by the fire, and told many a fine tale.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little
puppy-dog tied to
her side,
And little pussy-cat
tied to the other,
And away she shall
ride, to see her
grandmother,
To see her
grandmother,
To see her
grandmother.

LITTLE Sallie Waters, sitting in the sun,
Crying and weeping for a young man;
Rise, Sallie, rise,
Wipe your eyes,
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to the one that you love best.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
Will ever after handsome be.

OH, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings;
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy, heigh ho, heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From a primrose's lips.
With a hey,
and a heigh,
and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so
airy, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted
fairy, heigh ho!
heigh ho!
His night is
the noon,
And his sun is
the moon
With a hey,
and a heigh,
and a ho!

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